
THE
B E L L E S
OF
B U R Y,
A
P O E M.

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Febry 1787 Lachington 2

B E L F S

B U R Y
A
M E O P

THE
BELLES

BURY, *St. Edmunds*

A
POEM.

*O fairest of Creation! last and best of all God's Works!
Creature, in whom excell'd whatever can to Sight, or Thought
be form'd, holy, divine, good, amiable or sweet!*

Milton.

BURY:

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MDCCLXXIX.

[Price SIX - PENCE.]

A S C H E M E,

For the LADIES to govern their HUSBANDS.

*“ Men some to quiet, some to Public Strife,
“ But every Lady would be Queen for Life.”*

So says the Great and Little Mr. P O P E.

TO convince the Ladies how desirous I am, that
they should reign Queen; I would advise

them, to take the utmost Care to be acquainted with
the Persons whom they intend to marry; as all their
future Happiness depends on their first Choice; and

I would

I would farther advise them, rather to take *those* who love *them*, than *those* whom *they* love; for they may always retain the *Power* over the Men who love *them*, but those *they* love, will continually bear the Sway.

Nothing is more common than to see a Lady govern many Men, before Marriage; and why should it be thought strange, she should be able to govern one after it? for this Purpose, she should alternately have Pride and Good-nature, as she found it most conducive to her own Happiness.

For notwithstanding all our Penetration, should any particular Foible be discover'd in a Man after Marriage, (for before it there are few but wear the bright

with

Side

Side outwards.) for Instance, if he is covetous, he will make you rich; if formal, he will not be passionate; if passionate he will make you patient; if foppish, he will be neat; and if a Rake, he will love his Wife in her Turn: therefore Ladies, it is of the highest Concern, and Importance, that you should at least think him agreeable; and then you may with great Probability conclude, he will always think you so.

You must be sure to remember to wear Venus's Girdle, (that is, to preserve a Sweetness of Temper,) if you would wish to govern; for to please the Husband, you must appear the same that pleas'd the Lover. I would wish you to rule as Queen, but I must

wish

with you to be generous, and to reign with Moderation. Policy Ladies will you find it, to let your Husband retain the external Appearance of a Man; therefore let him indulge himself in a few innocent Pleasures, tho' you have not been in his Company.

If you intend constantly to govern him, be sure you don't let him know it; for many a Lady has lost all her Power, by hinting her Husband was a Fool, and she was capable of governing him. Ladies would always have more Power, were they not weak enough, to shew they strove for it. How pleasing forever Sway, (or being Queen for Life,) as Mr. POPE insinuates may be to the *Fair*, you will find it absolutely necessary Ladies, if you design to continue long

in Power, not to be too despotic before Company;
 for it will sufficiently gratify your *Pride*, tho' you
 should only let the discerning Part of it see, that
The Grey &c. &c. &c.

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ARISE my Muse, thy tow'ring Fancy raise,
 Smile on each Line and beautify my Lays;
 Hark! how the Birds, on every blooming Spray,
 Sing and rejoice at the Approach of May;
 See how the Spring, adorn'd with gaudy Pride,
 And Youth and Beauty smile on every Side;
 There Chrystal Streams, in wild Meanders flow,
 Here painted Flowers, in gay Confusion grow:
 From these fair Scenes, which sweet Contentment bring,
 Thy Aid I crave, the Charms of Nymphs to sing;

In

In such an easy unaffected Strain,

As may from gentle *Strephon*, Love obtain ;

And if he smiles, as I their Praise rehearse,

It crowns with Immortality my Verse.

M I R A N D A.

MIRANDA first, amidst the splendid Throng,
Claims all the Merit of my advent'rous Song;
Her Mind extensive as immortal *Gay*,
Her Sense as blooming, as the Sweets of May;
Her Beauty's like the darting Beams of Jove,
It warms the Soul, and fires the Heart with Love;
Grandeur, with Sweetness join'd, in her appear,
Which fills the Mind with Reverence and Fear;
Her charming Face, her Cheeks and Lips disclose,
The Lilly's white, and blushing of the Rose:

C

None

None can behold her without secret Joy,
 The Beauties of her Mind can never cloy.

F L A V I A.

F L A V I A each easy open Heart beguiles,
 Not by the Craft of Wisdom, but of Smiles;
 Your Friendship gain'd, like a young Lover cloy'd,
 She quits the Prize, for new ones unenjoy'd:
 Should shallow Fops appear, as such there are,
 Adieu to *Strephon*, they engross her Care;
 To Hope farewell, the short-liv'd Passions o'er,
 Adieu to Smiles, she speaks of you no more;
 What she so warmly wish'd, with Care she shuns,
 And flies your Walks, as Debtors 'scape from Duns;

Yet

Yet still 'tis Kindness, tho' the Mode's revers'd,
For her last Favor's greater than her first.

C O R I N N A.

VIEW next CORINNA, exempt from all these
At once the Charm and Honor of these Times ; [Crimes,
No sumptuous Ornaments allude our Eyes,
Clear as her Mind, she's free from all Disguise ;
Her bright Idea, strikes the Soul with Pain,
Yet still we love, and glory in the Chain :
Her radiant Eyes, the Shafts of Cupid's Dart,
Imprint Devotion, and inspire the Heart :
Her sparkling Wit, give Pleasure to the gay,
And pointed Judgement, Truth and Virtue play ;

To

To her, may thronging Crowds of Blessings haste,
Too numerous to count, too great to waste.

M A T I L D A.

MA T I L D A too, in Rays of Beauty shine,
And fond of Dress, she thinks herself divine;
But too much Sense, of her Perfections are
Her innate Foible, and her constant Snare;
Jantee she moves, with Affectation tread,
Her feet polite, regardless of her Head;
When in the Circle, with triumphant Scorn,
She sips her Tea, and censures in her Turn;
“ O Lard ! she cries, there goes the Monster *Man*,
“ Behold the bearded Thing !—then cracks her Fan,”

Some

Some Ladies smiling at the sugar'd Treat,
And others simp'ring, own'd it vastly sweet.

LUCINDA.

HAST thou not seen LUCINDA, of our Plain,
Envy'd by Nymphs, admir'd by every Swain;
What sparkling Graces round the Charmer play,
The Soul of Wit, and Glory of the Day:
Her lovely Looks, a sprightly Mind disclose,
Quick as her Eyes, and as unfix'd as those;
Favors to none, to all the Smiles extends,
Oft she rejects, but never once offends;
They seem fair Emblems of Elizium's Bliss,
And give to all a Scene of Happiness;

D

Her

Her Form to circling Ages long shall reign,
And all the Force of Majesty maintain.

DELIA.

DELIA the Fair, has some Grains of Sense,
Mix'd with Abundance of Impertinence;
Your Eyes have Lustre DELIA, what of that
Since all thou speak'st, is naturally flat;
Suppose a Shape, and that your Face is fair,
And every Step has the Flirtation Air;
Brilliant thou art, no Pains nor Labor spare,
To deck thy Mind, be thy peculiar Care;
Look on the modest, sensible and gay,
What pregnant Thoughts, their Sentiments display;

Their

Their Rules, their Themes, their Laws, and Lives pursue,
Then will the Graces terminate in you.

O P H E L I A.

O PHELIA! how shall I touch your Name?

Such Worth and Beauty, Modesty and Fame;

Your shining Reason, that 'bove Sense aspires,

And pants and glows with the Seraphic Fires:

Methinks I see thee in a charming Grove,

Thy Thoughts unbent, and soften'd into Love;

Just at your Feet, a Chrystal Current glides,

And murmuring Thrills, along its Silver Tides;

High o'er embrac'd, the spreading Trees above,

In twining Folds, amongst each other rove;

Whilst

Whilst gentle Zephyrs with their Branches play,
And fan the Influence of the God of Day.

Whate'er was fabled, of the Dames of old,
What *Homer*, *Virgil*, or bright *Ovid* told,

Meet all in you, for in your charming Breast,
The Love of *Venus*, Sense of *Pallas* rest.

H E C A T E.

BY Nature form'd of perfect Shape,

By Prudery turn'd a Female Ape;

By Nature fram'd of double Mind,

By canting Principles refin'd,

In Gesture starch revers'd and flat,

In Thought, in Action,—*Mum for that*;

Severely

Severely plagu'd with Envy's Phlegm,
 Ready by wholesale to condemn;
 With every Neighbour's Works acquainted,
 Whether they finner it, or faint it;
 Slander becomes her ready Tongue,
 And round the tatling World is rung;
 Poor peevish antiquated *Virgin*,
 To find the Men no longer urging;
 Advises all with just Decorum,
 To wait, as she has done before them;
 To every candid Thought estrang'd,
 To a mere Lump of Malice chang'd;
 At either Sex, alternate rails,
 As Spleen or Calumny prevails;
 Thinks every Nymph a base Coquette,
 Paints every Swain as black as Jet;

E

Laughs

Laughs at the simple Fool the cheats,
 And flies to study new Deceits;
 Is there a Nymph, whom this can fit?
 Yes!—HECATE justly answers it.

D O R I N D A.

LO! DORINDA moves with Dignity and Ease,
 While thousand Cupids, revel in her Face;
 Each, in his Turn, to please their Mistress tries,
 And darts his Arrows from her lovely Eyes;
 Ambrosial Sweets are center'd in her Breath,
 Pressing her Lips, you'd calmly smile at Death.

F L O R E L L A.

FLORELLA's blooming Looks and snowy Breast,
 Her bright and sparkling Eyes, and shapely Waist;
 Whene'er

Whene'er she deigns to touch the warbling Strings,
 And to the Notes, harmonious Numbers sings,
 The Soul does with the thrilling Music fly,
 Melts into Pleasures, and in Raptures die;
 But to be sway'd by these, or Syren Song,
 Shews that our Reason's weak, our Passion strong;
 For what's a lively Look, or snowy Breast,
 Without a Mind as lovely as the rest:
 Disdain her Scorn! give o'er the hopeless Race,
 And when you see her Pride, forget her Face.

M A R I A.

MARIA, this Off'ring of my Muse receive,
 Nor scorn the tributary Lays I give,
 From you my humble Lines, Protection claim,
 As yet inglorious, and without a Name:

O would

O wou'd the Gods my feeble Thoughts inspire,
 And warm my ravish'd Breast with equal Fire;
 Your heavenly Beauties in my Verse shou'd shine,
 And *Pope's* harmonious Numbers yield to mine;
 Bright as the Sun her Eyes the Gazer's strike,
 And, like the Sun they shine on all alike:
 Roses and Lillies, ev'ry beauteous Flow'r
 That springs in Wood, or Mead, or sweetest Bow'r,
 Shew them her Cheeks, they'll dying own her Power;
 To Beauty, Wit she joins, with happy Ease,
 And where she levels it, ne'er fails to please.

M I R A.

IN *Waller's* easy, and harmonious Lines,
 Bright *Sacharissa*, boasts unrival'd Sway;

In lovely M I R A, softer Splendor shines,
Mild as the Evening Star, at close of Day :

The Muse with equal Justice, tunes the Lyre,
Pleas'd to behold, *Queen Charlotte's* Charms in you :

But whilst from Fame, you modestly retire,

You M I R A, by superior Skill subdue :

Let others by fond Arts, and empty Airs,

Hope with a fond Pre-eminence to reign ;

True Merit M I R A's lasting Value bears,

Scorning the cheap Applauses of the vain :

Blest with good Sense, with Elegance and Ease,

With every winning Art and virtuous Grace ;

That envy'd Secret, you have found to please,

Without the Art of painting of your Face.

C E L I A.

F

C E L I A.

SOME forms tho' bright, no mortal Man can bear,
 Who can resist fam'd CELIA the fair?
 She smiles, then frowns, and as her Passions change,
 Uncircumscrib'd, she always love to range:
 When pleas'd how soft, and charming she appear,
 Displeas'd, tyrannic, with a Look severe;
 Some do suspect the Nymph not over good,
 But they may be mistaken, if they should:
 In vain her Eyes with Coquetry she arm,
 Her false Advances, are to us no Charm;
 For Pleasure form'd, of Scandal not afraid,
 Still you must think that CELIA is a Maid;
 She oft submits to venture in the Dark;
 And nothing then is wanting, but her Spark.

P H O E B E.

P H O E B E.

HA I L lovely P H O E B E! hail celebrated Fair!

For ever charming, and for ever dear;

Ye Maids of *Helicon*, an awful Throng,

Ye *Loves* and *Graces*, all assist my Song;

But why should I your needless Aid require?

Or ask the Assistance of a faithless Fire;

Her Beauty sure can better Warmth infuse,

Direct the Poet, and complete the Muse:

P H O E B E's the Theme, which cannot fail to please,

Sense with the *Graces*, Dignity with Ease;

Looks strongly piercing, as the Bird of Jove,

Address insinuating, soft as Love;

Politeness, such as Art can ne'er bestow,

And from the well turn'd Mind, alone must flow;

If

If these can form a Character complete,
 All these in PHOEBE, you are sure to meet.

CLARINDA.

EARLY this Morn, (a Time to *Muses* kind,)
 Willing to draw one fair one to my Mind;
 Wise without Pride, without Coquetting fair,
 Chaste as the unblown Rose, yet free as Air;
 In Language easy, in her Temper sweet,
 And moderately learn'd, and simply neat;
 Her Nature soft, as ev'ry blooming Grace,
 Her Virgin Soul, as spotless as her Face:
 Let *Amoranda's* strange cosmetic Art,
 Colour, and fire, to lifeless Charms impart;
 Soon shall those borrow'd Airs destructive prove,
 And pall the Fancies, they awhile may move;

While

While she alone, in native Charms array'd,
 Defies the Pencil's false superfluous Aid ;
 No wanton Arts employ her happier Care,
 Sweet without Pride, and innocently fair ;
 True, on her Cheeks, Vermillion Shades appear,
 But Nature 'twas, not Art that fix'd 'em there ;
 But when I on the Picture thought, I cry'd !
 " No such can be," — and flung my Pen aside ;
 My Muse then kindly whisper'd, " such can be,"
 Bade me, " CLARINDA write, — and that was she."

F I N I S.



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The first of these is the name of the

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